

SYLVIA'S  
REVENGE,

OR; A

SATYR  
AGAINST  
MAN;

IN

ANSWER

TO THE

Satyr AGAINST Woman.

---

Printed By AUTHORITY.

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THE  
EPISTLE DEDICATORY:  
TO THOSE  
SNARLING CURRS

THE  
CRITICKS.

And why all this Noife and Splutter againſt the *Women*, Harmleſs Creatures! what have they done to deſerve ſo many *Lampoons*, *Libels*, *Satyrs*? but methinks Gentlemen 'tis not fair Dealing, to commit Acts of open Hoſtility before you Proclaim a Warr. And we know what Feats you brag have been done, by your little *Fire-ſhip* call'd The *Satyr* againſt *Woman*: This Preface therefore is only to let you know, that we have rigg'd out a Female *Man of War* ( if that been't Nonſence ) with 30 Guns of a ſide, which Egad Gentlemen, ( as Mr. *Bays* has it ) wee hope will maul you, and ſo much for that Point.

But

*The Epistle Dedicatory.*

But Now ---- what now? why it seems 'twas *Nero*, and not *Caligula*, that made such a *Wish* mentioned in Page 2d. why Gentlemen I hope you'll excuse the want of Learning in a *Woman*; since upon my word I never read *Suetonius* nor *Tranquillus*, for you all know; That a Box of *Marmalade*, *Culpeppers* *Midwifery*, a Prayer-Book, and two or three Plays, is all the Furniture of a *Womans* Study.

If any of the Characters suite with some Persons to me unknown? I solemnly profess, there is not one of them level'd against any person whatsoever, but a Skilful Painter, may by the strength of Fancy, draw a Face representing somebody, tho' no body sat for the *Pictrne*.

---

Madam,



Madam.

**T**H' Invasion first with fierce Assaults began,  
And scatter'd wild Disorder as it ran,  
It was a Warr betwixt our Sex and Man.  
With haughty Pride the bold Tryumphanters boast,  
And Cry the weaker Vessel's sunk and lost;  
Trophies along the gaudy Strand display'd,  
And never such Insulting Peans made.  
Yet true it is, without a blush we own,  
Our Force in part was scatter'd and o'rethrown:  
With fright Surpris'd we knew not then the Foe,  
With Noise they hurry'd on, and flash't with show.  
Yet still unmov'd our Body did remain,  
They only took some Straglers on the Plain.  
To you the News with winged-hast we bore,  
You Smil'd, and bid us stand, and said no more.  
Long you delay'd indeed to aid us there,  
And they mistook your Scorn of them, for fear.  
You sent one Muse to View their Strength, she came,  
And told you 'twas but Noise and babling Fame.  
Unguarded and how loose the Forces lay,  
And would you then advance you'd win the Day.  
With this alarm'd your God-like-Genius rose,  
Lord! how agast appear'd your frighted Foes?  
At your approach, foil'd and disarm'd they yield,  
And scatter strange Confusion o're the Field.  
With Numbers sweetly rank't you brought us aid,  
And shew you can defend us and invade:  
Submissive at your Feet their General Craves,  
And you at Pleasure wound the baffl'd Slaves.

M. P.



---

A  
S A T Y R  
A G A I N S T  
M A N.

**T**Hen must it thus, *Ye Heavens* for ever be,  
 Will no kind *Fate* our *Sex* from *Censure* free?  
 Must ill-bred *Satyrs* Chase us through the World,  
 And shall no Thunder at the *Slaves* be hurl'd?  
*Ye Gods!* how long shall injur'd *Virtue* groan?  
 How long shall *Innocence* be tramp'd on?  
 Shall a bold *Scribling-Fop* whose Head contains,  
 A Thousand *Maggots* for One Dram of *Brains*,  
 In *Doggrel* Rime, and much more *Doggrel* Sence,  
 Vomit *six Pen'worth* of *Impertinence*,  
 Thrust it abroad, and in a *Stile* not Common,  
 Call it forsooth ---- *A Satyr Against Woman?*  
 A pretty Title — sure the *Book* must sell,  
 Cries a *Clapt-Spark*, and likes it wondrous well,

B

Ano.

Another Laughs, and *Snuffling* in the Nose,  
 E'gad ( *says he* ) the Subject's rarely chose;  
 A third,— but hold the *Slaves* I must Ingage,  
 Inspire me *Juno* with a *Womans* Rage,  
 A Rage like that, when you by Spyes were told,  
 How finely *Jupiter* intreagu'd with *Gold*;  
 Or when the shape of *Bull* and *Swan* put on,  
 To get some Mortal *Maiden-head* was gon:  
 Assist dear *Goddes* teach me how to write,  
 Inform my *Satyr* when, and where to bite,  
 That all the Race of lewd inconstant *Men*,  
 May curse the time they rous'd a *Womans* Pen,  
 'Tis done,— a glowing heat my Breast inspires,  
*Revenge* inflames me, with its eager fires;  
 Oh were the Race of *Mankind* in my Power,  
 By all my Hopes, they should not live an hour,  
 By Heav'n *Caligula*, 'twas bravely done;  
 To with all Necks in *Rome* were shrunk to one,  
 That at one blow they might receive their Fate.  
 Yet *Cæsar*, You were moderate in your hate,  
 A part of *Mankind*, at your Rage would fall,  
 But mine, ( *would heav'n would grant it* ) flies at  
 ( all.

Fear not my *Muse* the *Monster* to engage,  
 But slight the passies of a *Scriblers* Rage,  
 What tho' he struts in big affected Notes,  
 You know the *Muses* still wear Petticoates,  
 Those

Those *Darling Shees*, their *Sexes Cause* will own,  
 Shall *Angel-Woman*, be by *Man* o'rethrown?  
 ---- *Man*, the ignoble-word of Tell-tale-fame,  
 My Paper blisters as I write the Name,  
*Man*, must I than the hated Name rehearse,  
*Lord!* how it stains my Ink and spoils my Verse,  
*Man* by some angry God in passion hurl'd  
 Down, as a Plague to vex the *Female World*.  
 A Spirit of Air and Flame may be withstood,  
 But who can shun a *Devil* of flesh and blood?  
*Man!* hold my *Muse* thy Epithets give o're,  
 A Nobler Task will soon employ thy Store.  
 Expose the Wretch in all his vicious Shapes,  
 Trace him through all disguises all Escapes.  
 For tho' his Vices are become his Trade,  
 Yet Vice will sometimes Act in Masquerade.  
 Let no fond pity thy resentments Spare,  
 Let nought of *Woman* make the Lash forbare;  
 Let him be *Fop*, *Pimp*, *Cully*, *Fool* or *Knave*,  
 Lash till he fly for shelter to the Grave:  
 That undeluded Females may be shown,  
 What a choice Creature 'tis they dote upon.  
 Nature has scarce wrote *Man* upon his Chin;  
 But strait to Love the Stripling does begin.  
 Tho' what it is he understands no more,  
 Then *Sailors* did the *Compass* heretofore.  
 Whether the *Play-house*, *Church*, or *Boarding-School*,  
 Did with a *Mistress* furnish the young *Fool*,

We cannot tell--- but one at last is found,  
 Whose Charms the Heart of young *Philander*  
 ( wound

The Trifle humbly at her Feet he lay's,  
 And as the Way of Courtship now a-days:  
 Some *Present* ----- for a Bribe does flyly use,  
 So by a Gift ----- his want of Gifts excuse ;  
 And that his Plots be more securely laid,  
 Hee gets an Intrest in the *Chamber-maid*:  
 But if from's Vows she turns her Scornful Eyes,  
 And with disdain his formal courtship flies;  
 A Lunatick transform'd he then dispairs,  
 Looks wild, storms, rages, and devoutly swears,  
 That if his *Sylvia* sends another Frown,  
 Himself, himself, the Wretch himself will drown  
 Before th' arrival of the next days Sun,  
 And the next Tavern sees the *Business* done.  
 Follow my *Muse*, you may if not too Clamorous,  
 In a *Red-sea* of *Clarret* find *Sr. Amorous*.  
 Where powerful Love, yeilds to more powerful

(*Wine,*

And prompts his Fancy to some new Design:  
 His former *Mistress* like a Cast-off-suit,  
 Thrown by ----- another does his Heart receive,  
 To whome oblidging Nature has been kind,  
 In all the Gifts of *Body* and of *Mind*,  
 Nor must her Fortune be forgot behind;

}  
 With

With her he uses all the little Arts,  
 Invented to surprize unguarded Hearts.  
 No Treats are wanting that may bribe her Sense,  
 And to her heart convey soft Love from thence.  
 To Balls and Plays she's Daily usher'd in,  
 Tell mee *St. James's-park* how oft' you've seen,

(Grove,

The Perjur'd wretch conduct her through the  
 And whisper Tales of his pretended Love.

How oft he kist her hand, and softly swore,

That she, and none but she he could adore,

When the same time he Ogl'd at a Whore.

His vigrou's Courtship overcomes the *Fair*,

She can no longer such brisk Sallyes bear.

With blushes which too well the heart discover,

The cred'lous *Phyllis*, owns her self a Lover.

Which mighty secret when the *Wretch* has known,

Retires and all his Passion does disown.

Disown't said I? ----- Ah certainly he'd none;

And 'tis a part of his diversion made,

To tell the World how th' Fair One was betraid,

Your *Thunder-Gods* ! to strike the Villain dead.

O could my *Pen* dart *Lightning* at the Slave,

A fate deserv'd his Perjuries should have.

But a Curst Impotence attends mee still,

And Men must for the Deed accept the Will;

But



But yet to show how far a Womans Passion,  
 Exceeds that modish *Raillery* now in fashion.  
 For once let cheated *Ariadne* Speak,  
 And if you any sence of Shame partake.  
 Know perjur'd *Men*, 'twill make your Hearts to

(ake)

And will oblige our injur'd Sex to know it,  
 The Story's true no Matter who's the Poet.

When *Thesius* false by unexpected Theft,  
 Had *Ariadne* on black *Naxos* left,  
 By him and his kind Sex expos'd a Prey  
 To *Wolves* and *Tygers* milder *Beasts* than they,  
 Long her low Love and Natures servile Chain,  
 Her just, her pious *Curses* did restrain:  
 But when far off his Perjur'd Gally flies,  
 And rising Mountains screen her following *Eyes*.

All *Woman* in her's banish't by despair,  
 Leaving a brave a dreadful *Angel* there,  
 Thus did She all his treacherous Sex ingage,  
 And thus curst on, inspir'd with heav'nly Rage.

Fly Villian Monster, Traytor, if I can,  
 I'll call thee more than all, I'll call thee *Man*.  
*Man* ---- Natures blush medly of lust and *Blood*,  
 All *Man* ---- degen'rate from thy native Mudd,  
 Pure sedement of *Chaos*, *Diavel* all o're.  
 Thy self, thy self what need I call thee more;  
 Perjur'd and treach'rous, Monstrous, and ingrate,  
 Dead-

Deadly's your Love, more deadly than your Hate.  
 Your charming *Eyes* are those which have be-  
 (traid,

A tame, an easy, fond beleiving *Maid*.  
 Find mee one Wretch in all your hellish-bands,  
 Whose Tongue han't done more Murders than  
 ( his Hands.

*Crocadile* are your tears, Sly silent lyes,  
*Hyæna's* Voice, and *Cockatrices Eyes*.  
*Angels* before you've cheated us and then,  
 The cloven-foot peeps out, and you'r all *Divels*  
 ( ag'en.

When I my own weak Soul and Sex review,  
 I hate my self and them as much as You.  
 Why has black Destiny oblided us thus,  
 To Dote upon a Mortal-*Incubus*,  
 Oh that I could on the tame fools prevail,  
 We'd Dye to make their viprous offspring fail.  
 T'would be but one curst Age before they fell,  
 And moulder'd back into their native *Hell*.

By heaven twas nobly wisht and bravely  
 (thought,  
 Were all our Sex with such intentions fraught.  
*Hell* would not long the treacherous Vermine  
 ( spare,  
 For slighted Love who can with patience bear?  
 And tho' our *Spark* was Perjur'd once before,  
 He'll

He'l tick with *Hell* for one false Promise more,  
 And a whole Race of feigned Vows run o're.  
 No *Woman* shall monopolise his Heart,  
 But every *Female* shall pretend a part.  
 Inconstancy the Practic'd Vice of th' Age,  
 Makes him all *Women* that he sees engage.

One *Woman* takes him with her charming Air,  
 This 'cause shee's *Black*, the other 'cause shee's *Fair*.  
 Now now he dyes for *Sylvia's* Charming Eyes,  
 Till *Celia's* Singing, did his Soul surprize;  
 His triffling heart she for a while possesse,  
 Till 'twas remov'd to *Rosalinda's* Breast:  
 She could not long of her new Treasure Boast,  
 The Skittish Thing soon took another Post.  
*Octavia* next would the Gay Bubble claim,  
 But still for *Daphn'e* he'd a greater flame;  
 For her he languish't in soft fond desire,  
 Till *Florimena* set his Heart on fire.  
 A while indeed he revel'd in her Arms,  
 But soon was captiv'd with *Almeria's* Charms:  
 For full six hours she held her *Aiery* Lover,  
 Till *Arrabella* did new Charms discover:  
 Her welcome Guest she did not long enjoy,  
 But *Lydia* was presented with the Toy;  
 And tho' she'd Magick that might cause it's stay,  
 Yet *Claristella* becond it away:  
 In two hours time the inclination fled,

And

And *Belvedira* reigned in her stead,  
 As Mistress long she had not bore Command,  
 But th' Scepter was resign'd to *Flora's* hand  
 False as the Wind, inconstant as the Weather,  
 It ran away from her the Lord knows whether.

His Love thus into various Channels cut,  
 Bold Lust flows in, as fast as Love ebbs out.  
 Lust, like a Feind his Soul does haunt and vex,  
 Lust, the Familiar *Divel* of the Sex ;  
 All fence of Reputation once abhorring,  
 He list's himself a Profelyte for whoring.  
 Whoring ---- what pleasures does the sound afford ?  
 Whoring that lovely fine delicious Word.  
 A Virtuous Woman's troubl'd with ill Nature,  
 But yet a Whor's a most obliging Creature:  
 With her he all his Broken Vows repeats,  
 With her he values no expence in Treats.  
 What ever her fond Appetite can crave,  
 Tis but to ask, and she as soon shall have.  
 The *Park* and *Play-house* see 'em still together,  
 And he's her *Cully* for all sorts of Weather;  
 And tho' some years before the *Nothing* fled,  
 Yet he'l be thought to have her *Maiden-head*.  
 A vicious constancy he now will own,  
 And is not weary of her Service grown;  
 While in her Lap, th' enchanted Cocks-comb roks,  
 She lovingly requites him with a P--

But hold a while m' unwary head-strong Muse,  
 In taxing *Men* I my one Sex Accuse.  
 The Dart which at the other Sex was thrown,  
 Recoils with all its force upon our own:  
 And while the *Cully* I would fain explore,  
 In lively colours I display the *Whore*.  
 Like *Sampson's* *Foxes* tail to tail they'r ry'd,  
 And who the Loving couple would divide ?  
 Yet this for Jilts must in excuse be said,  
 'Twas false base trech'rous *Man* that them betraid.  
 And if some Hellish Arts and Tricks they know,  
 To you kind *Men* they all their Knowledg ow,  
 They were not *Divels* till you made'em so. }

From *Fluxing* or from private *Hot-House* come,  
 For our last mentioned *Cully* make some room.  
 Who tho' severely chastned for his Sins,  
 His much lov'd trade of Whoring soon begins.  
 So Flud-gates which have long stop't water-course,  
 When opened make it fly with greater force.  
 Not virtuous Ladies in his Lust he'd spare,  
 Did not their Frowns make the bold Wretch  
 ( forbear.

His lust all manner of distinction Dam's,  
 'Twixt *Country-nut-brown*, or fine *Court-Madams*.  
 Ugly or handsome, fair, black, brown, or yellow,  
 Tall, short, fat, lean, he swears she's not her fel-  
 ( low.

Abroad he fastens upon all he meets,  
 The Sexes common *Scare-crow* in the Streets.  
 Where Widdows, Wives, and Maids, he boldly  
 ( seizes,  
 Ones Breast, and t'others Hand he rudely squeezes.  
 But if he finds 'em civil or not right,  
 Dam 'em sayes he, they're Virtuous out of spite.  
 He roves not long, till some kind *Jenny* pass,  
 And she with him takes one refreshing Glas.  
 Some paultry *Chink* to tempt her he'l expose,  
 And she on him a swingeing *Clap* bestows.  
 Who in few days finding his old Guest come;  
 At some *Quack-Doctors* takes a private Room.  
 The *Quacks* those lewd Imposters of the Times,  
 Fam'd for their *Pills*, their *Spirits*, and their *Rimes*.  
 With promis'd hopes, expecting Fops betray,  
 And send them more Distemper'd thence away,  
 Gull'd of their Health, and cheated of their Pay. }  
 Death throw the Town is scatter'd in their Bills, }  
 And Execution swallow'd with their *Pills*.  
 'Twoud blast a modest Muse to'approach too  
 ( near,  
 A Dire Infection stains the neighbouring Air.  
 Here draw the Veil and let the Wretches lie,  
 Cursing the effects of their base Leachery.  
 What Gaudy thing from *China* or *Japan*,  
 Is this appears? ---- it cannot sure be Man.



And yet it talks, and looks, and walks like one,  
 Of those we call the modish Sparks o'th Town.  
 Man's the least part about him that appears,  
 Sure he was got between some *Taylor's* Shears.  
 Oh what a breadth, what mighty Port he bears ;  
 A dozen Farms upon his back he wears.  
 Poynt *de venee* must now adorn his Knees ;  
 Whose Ancestors wore nought but homely Frieze.  
 In a long *Wigg* must our Sr. *Taudry* strut ;  
 Whose Father wore the old *Geneva*-cut.  
 Dressing himself till noon the Fop must be,  
 The *Royal Sovereign's* sooner rigg'd than he.  
 Each day he spends some hours before the Glass,  
 To make himself a most accomplisht *Ass*.  
 Studies new Smiles and Cringes when alone,  
 And practises abroad what there was done ;  
 Pride is the *Mistris* he does hourly serve,  
 His ear is bor'd and he must never swerve :  
 Pride which to learn the *Women* but begin,  
 In *Men* is grown a most habitual Sin.  
 Along the *Park* methinks I see him pass,  
 With formal steps he traverses the Grass ;  
 If any *Ladies* Eyes but tow'rd him move,  
 He thinks (*Vain Fool*) that they're with him in Love.  
 But if th' advance, and to him come but nigh,  
 He gives'em the kind Squint and passes by ;  
 Indeed he does it most Judiciously.

Then



Then *Spanish Snuff*, to *Modish Nose* is put,  
 At which Perfumed *Handkerchief*'s drawn out;  
 T'adjust some bold disorder in the Face,  
 And put the *Chin-patch* in its proper place.  
 Then hum's a Tune and passing through the Streets,  
 With his dear Friend the brisk Sr. *Fopling* meets;  
 With open Arms they'mbrace --- Dear *Jack* how  
 (is't?

Wellcome from *France*, and then I think they Kist.  
 What news from *Paris* are the *Ladies* fine,  
 Shall we at *Locket's Ordinary* Dine.  
 What Novels, Songs, or Fashions hast brought  
 (over,

Are th' *Ladies* Kind, I prithee *Jack* discover?  
 And thus does more Impertinence run threw,  
 Then ever Gossips at a *Cristning* Knew.

Nay --- tis not all his *Huffing* shall excuse,  
 The *Bully* from the lash of angry *Muse*;  
*Bully* how great i'th' Mouth the *Accent* sounds;  
*Bully* who nothing breaths but *Bl---d* and *W--nds*?  
 Some *Divel* did sure on Nature act a Rape,  
 And his own likeness get in human shape;  
 More Oaths and Curses not the Damned Vent,  
 Than from the *Bulleyes Brimstone-Lungs* are sent.  
 The *Divel* himself is all amaz'd to see,  
 A wretch more impiously bold then hee;  
 He for one daring Act was sent to *Hell*,

But

But th'others loud G---d D----me's who can tell?  
 Like *Tom a'Bedlam* he invades the Streets,  
 And Quarrels, Huffs, and Fights with all he meets.  
 But if that one whose valour scorns to stoop,  
 To Noise and Nonsense take the Villain up ;  
 And satisfaction for th' Affront demand,  
 Sr. *Fright-all* lowers his *Top-sail* to your hand.  
 Your Pardon Sr. says he, I must request,  
 By G--- I thought you'd understood a jest,  
 His Bilboe sheath'd he decently retires,  
 Tutor to young raw *Fops* and Country *Squires*.

Would you my *Muse of Hell* the Picture view,  
 And what Distracted Looks the *Damned* shew ;  
 Go to some Gaming-Ordinary where,  
*Shamwell* and *Cheatly* and such Rooks repair, }  
 To sharp the Citty-*Prigg* or Country-*Heir*. }  
 Oaths loud as Thunder shake the trembling room,  
 And pointed Curses sign each others Doom.  
 The *Pox*, the *Plague*, and all the Ills that fall,  
 On wretched Mortals on themselves they call ;  
 While they by the uncertain chance of *Dice*,  
 Loose Mannours, Lands, and Lordships in a Trice.  
 And what Old *Gripwel*, Scores of years was  
 ( getting,  
 Is lost at *Hazard* in an hours sitting :  
 The loss of *Guineas* proves the loss of sence,  
 For against Chance how can there be Defence.

An-

Anger Dispair and Fury fill the Face;  
 And *Passion* justles *Reason* out of Place.  
 At last a Wretch with home the *Furies* dwell,  
 Is by a fatal thrust dismiss'd to Hell.  
 T' inform old *Nick*, that all the rest agree,  
 Shortly to come and bear him Company.

The Keeping Spark should next have been ex-  
 (pos'd,

But that's a Text has one great *Poet* pos'd,  
 A *Satyr* cannot fright him into shame,  
 Whose Presence damn'd the well-wrote *Limber-*  
 (*hamm.*

I might have told what Arts and Tricks are laid,  
 T'insnare the virtuous young unthinking Maid.  
 What sly decoys are us'd t'intrap the Fair;  
 What trusty Pimp did in the Office share.  
 What rev'rend *Bands* made use of to entice,  
 The Fair One's liking of that modish Vice:  
 How she at last is guided to his Arms;  
 Where Victor like he triumph's in her Charms.  
 How long she does the Airy Title hold;  
 And how her Joy's are scarce a Twelvemonth old,  
 Before kind *Keeper* takes another Miss;  
 But sad experience knows too much of this.

My Task were endless, I should never stop;  
 Were I oblig'd t'expose each sort of *Fop*.  
 The rambling *Fop* from *France* but newly come,  
 That

That went out sound and brought Diseases home.  
 The *Squeamish Fop* so nice in all things grown,  
 Sr. *Courtly* has his fellow *Fools* in Town.  
 The *Lazy Fop* that lyes a Bed till Noon,  
 And wonders how he chanc'd to rise so soon:  
 The *Fop* which does to Business make pretence,  
 Yet never guilty known of too much Sense;  
 The *Citty Fop* that modish would appear,  
 And puts on Sword and Wigg at *Temple-barr*.  
 The cringing *Fop* that does to all Men bow;  
 The sharpening *Fop*, that lives the Lord knows how.  
 The noisy *Fop* would talk a Man to Death,  
 The swearing *Fop*, that lives on perjur'd Breath:  
 But hold---I might as well attempt to show,  
 What various Weeds on Banks of *Nilus* grow:  
 What sort of Monsters *Affrick* Desarts bear,  
 As tell how many sorts of *Fops* there are;  
 We need not long be puzzl'd how to call Men,  
 For *Fop* is grown a common Name for all Men.

Forgetful *Muse*, that 'mongst the Slaves that vex,  
 And daily torture our too harmless Sex,  
 You should forget that hateful Plague of Life,  
*Husband*, the constant Jaylor of a *Wife*;  
*Husband*----the curst allotment of our Fate,  
*Husband* the thing, that of all things we hate;  
*Fops* plague us but by turns, and then they've done,  
 But *Husband's* Plagues are ever but begun;

And

And tho' each Day we wish the Slav'ry done,  
We find our Chains as constant as the Sun.

If *Jealousy*, that Maggot of the Pate,  
Possess the *Sot*, how violent is his Hate?  
What curst Suspicions haunt his tortur'd Mind,  
And make him look, for what he would not find?  
To th' *Looking-Glass* he dares not cast an Eye,  
For fear he should his *fine-brow antlers* Spy.  
Nothing but Females must i'th' house appear,  
And not a *Dog* or *Cat* that's Male be there:  
Nay least th'unhappy *Wife* should have her Long-  
( ings,

He cuts out all the Men i'th' *Tapstry-Hangings*.  
If but a harmless Letter to her's sent,  
He'll make it own worse Sense than e're it meant,  
And e're the Letter from his hands be cast,  
He'll make it speak some deadly Crime at last.  
In a curst Garret cloyster'd up for Life,  
Lives *Female-Innocence* misal'd a *Wife*.  
Deny'd those Pleasures are to Virtue granted,  
Yet by the *Diavel* of a *Husband* haunted:  
For a Release, she cannot hope nor pray,  
Till milder Death take him, or her away:  
If her she's happy --- and if him she's blest;  
Till to her Arms she take a second Guest:  
But where's a Woman of all Sense so void?  
Won't shun -----

D

That

That Gulph wherein she'd like t've been destroy'd.

If Beauty, Wit, or Complaisance could do?

Her's Woman that can all these Wonders shew;

*Beauty* that might new Fire to *Hermits* lend;

And Wit which serves that Beauty to defend.

When courted she did Wonders with her *Charms*,

Till *Parson* conjur'd her to *Husband Arms*.

And tho' the same Perfections still remain;

Yet nothing now can the Dull Creature gain:

No looks can win him, nor no smiles invite;

The Wretch does her, and her Endearments

( flight;

And leaves those Graces which he should adore,

To Dote upon some ugly *Suburb-Whore*;

While poor neglected Spouse remains at home,

With Discontent and Sorrow overcome.

No Prayers nor Tears, nor all the Vertuous Arts,

Which Women use to tame Rebellious Hearts:

Can the Incorrigible Husband move,

And make him own his once so promis'd Love.

Consider! Lord! 'twill make his head grow giddy,

He says he is not yet for *Bedlam* ready:

But the next time that you thro' *Ludgate* pass,

Through Grates you'll see the loving *Spend-All's*

( Face:

And 'twil some Pleasure be the *Wretch* to view,

Angling for single Money in a Shoe.

Tell



Tell me you grave Disputers of the Schools,  
You Learned *Cocks-combs*, and you well-read

( *Fools* :  
You that have told us *Man* must be our *Head*;  
And made Dame Nature *Pimp* to what you've  
( say'd.

Tell me when *Husband* drench't in *Clarret* reels,  
And slips by th' Motion of his treach'rous *Heels*.  
That *Head* he has we all confess and own,  
But what's the Head, when once the Sense is gon?

Oh! she's a happy, too too happy Bride,  
That has a *Husband* Snoring by her side:  
Belching out *Fumes* of undigested *Wine*,  
And lyes all Night like a good natur'd *Swine*:  
Whose Snoring serves for Musick to her Ears;  
And keeps true Consort with her silent Tears:  
That can himself no more than *Chaos* move,  
And still neglects the great Affair of *Love*.  
She may indeed assume the Name of *Wife*,  
But others know she's but a *Nurse* for *Life*.

A Drunken *Husband* may pretend good Na-  
( ture:

But here's a *Sullen Matrimonial-Creature*;  
Will, and will not, will ask, and will deny;  
Is peevish, Cross, and cannot tell for why.  
Not one kind look he will to Spouse afford,



Not one kind Smile, perhaps not one kind Word.  
 All the oblidging Arts that ſhe can uſe,  
 To reconcile this angry peviſh Spouſe ;  
 Avail no more, than if ſhe took delight,  
 In waſhing Bricks, or ſwarthy *Negro's* white.  
*Lyons* and *Tygers* Men have learn't to tame,  
 Retaining nothing frightful but their Name:  
 With low ſubmiſſion have their Keepers own'd,  
 And trembled when their Maſters have but frownd:  
 But *Man*, unruly *Man*, that Beaſt of Reaſon,  
 'Gainſt Woman ſtill continues in his Treason:  
 No Charms his damn'd ill-nature can reſeaſe,  
*Satan*, muſt only *Satan* Diſpoſeſs.

Are theſe ye Gods, the *Sov'raigns* we muſt  
 ( own?  
 Muſt we before theſe golden Calves bow down?  
 Forgive us Heaven if we renounce the Elves,  
 We'll make a Common-Wealth among our ſelves:  
 Where by the Laws, that we ſhall then Ordain,  
 We'll make it Capital to mention *Man*.  
*Man* we'll, for ever baniſh from our ſight,  
 Not talk by day, nor think of 'em by right:  
 We'll ſhun their Courtſhip as we'd do the Plague,  
 And loath 'em more, than they a toothleſs-Hagg:  
 'Tis not their Sighs, their, Cringeing nor their  
 ( Prayers,  
 Their

Their supple Whinings, nor their treach'rous  
(Tears:

That shall one kind Return for ever gain;  
But when t'oblidge us they've don all they can.  
We'l laugh, deride, and scorn the *Popish* Sex;  
And wrack Invention for new Way's to vex.  
Till they to shun us prompted by Dispair;  
Or Drown themselves, or Hang in cleanly Air.  
Thus when to Hell by Shoals the *Men* are hurl'd,  
*Women* will Reign as Monarchs of the World.

But if amongst us there should chance to be,  
One silly fond regardless foolish *She* :  
That spight of all our *Edicts* will maintain,  
A League with that detested Creature *Man* :  
Good Council first shall strive to bring her off;  
But if the Fool will that good method Scoff;  
We'll try what next our heavy Threatnings do;  
But her Curst Treasons, if she still pursue.  
If she the freedom of her Sex will leave,  
And love a Wretch she knows that will Deceive?  
From pity we'll exempt the Female Sot;  
That wretched thing, a *Husband* be her Lot.  
Jealous by Day, and Impotent by Night;  
Have neither Shape nor Mein to please the sight.  
Defeas'd in Body and Deform'd in Soul,  
Conceited, Proud, yet all the while a Fool.  
Poor to a Proverb, Lazy, yet as Poor,

And

And still want Credit for to run on Score.  
 May she with him spin out a tedious Life;  
 Blest with that much admir'd Title *Wife*.  
 And may no *Female* better *Fate* partake,  
 That dares profane, the wholesom *Laws* we  
 (make.

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*FINIS.*

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